

DARING EXPLOITS ALL OUTDONE BY HEROIC DEEDS OF OUR MODERN AVIATORS

A British airman was, on May, 10, 1915, up alone in a single seater machine. Sighting a German airplane, he went in pursuit and was soon doing his hardest to pump lead into his enemy. Then came the unexpected. While trying to reload his machine gun he lost control of his steering gear. His airplane, taking the bit in its teeth, as it were, turned upside down. As ill luck would have it, the belt round the airman's waist happened to be loose. The jerk of the machine when it turned completely over almost threw the pilot out; he only saved himself by clutching hold of the rear center strut. His belt had by then slipped down around his legs.

Thus he hung, head downward, as the airplane whirled down, spinning round and round the while falling like a leaf from a height of 8,000 feet to about 2,500 feet, making frantic efforts to free his legs from the belt. At last the pilot managed to disengage himself and reach the control lever—with his feet! By a miracle he succeeded in righting the machine, which completely looping the loop, whereupon the airman slid back into his seat. He had been within a three seconds' journey of Death!

The late Capt. John Aiden Liddell, V. C., was engaged in July, 1915, in a long reconnaissance trip behind the German lines, and had already turned for home when a shrapnel shell burst immediately beneath his airplane smashed part of the body of the machine, and shattered the pilot's leg. Captain Liddell fainted. The machine was then at a height of 7,000 feet.

Being out of control, it promptly nosedived and fell like an arrow for 5,000 feet.

"I had given up all hope," wrote the observer. "The earth seemed rushing up to meet us, and I prayed that our agony might not be prolonged. I shut my eyes and waited for the final crash; when, wonder of wonders, the machine began to right herself. Hardly daring to believe my eyes, I looked to the pilot's seat. The headlong rush through the cool air must have brought him round and he was making strenuous efforts to regain control."

"Luckily, the enemy had given us up for lost, had ceased to shoot, and we immediately began to climb again."

Then the Germans opened fire and we only escaped with our lives through the superb pilotage of Liddell, with one leg shattered and blood flowing in streams. At 8,000 feet he again seemed to be sinking. I hastily scrawled a note urging him to descend. He read it, shook his head decidedly, turned to me with a smile on his drawn face, pointed in the direction of our lines, and carried on. At times he would almost faint, and then recovering himself redoubled his efforts. At last we were over the lines, but it seemed utterly impossible that he should be able to land the machine in his condition. But he did. Choosing a large green meadow about three miles behind the trenches, he landed as gently and easily as if he had only been up for a practice flight, brought the machine to a stop and fainted dead away.

While the French aviator, M. Sergeant was flying over Douaumont in March, 1916, he was attacked by four Taubes. The machine gun duel was brief. The French machine was struck by hundreds of bullets. Sergeant's left arm was injured and hung helpless. The next moment his observer was killed and—here comes the unexpected

Y. M. C. A. DOING ITS PART IN WORLD WAR

Sergeant George C. Wilson, Supply Co., 60th Artillery, writing home France says in part: "Over here the Y. M. C. A. is absolutely a part of the army. Every body is welcome and they do everything for you. It may sound funny, but you find the 'Y' secretaries selling you a plug of chewing tobacco, cigarettes or cigars. They help you. mend your clothes, change your money, take a bath, take you a tour of the city, or teach you French. There are a lot of American girls in the canteens and we often buy things just to hear a real American feminine voice. If you ever hear any one saying they would like to do something to help win this war just tell them to go down and drop some of their plunks into the Y. M. C. A. war fund."

SAVE PEACH SEEDS

NEW YORK—The need of conserving peach seeds or pits, apricot pits, plum pits, prune pits, hickory nuts, walnuts and butternuts for use in making carbon for gas masks is urged in a statement issued today by the gas defense division of the United States army. Three hundred tons of this raw material is being used daily. The gas defense division advocates that schools, libraries, department stores and banks be used for the collection of pits.

Thirty-six thousand American soldiers were landed in France last week from an armada of thirteen great transports. "Contemptible little American army," eh?

—his body fell and was pinned between the levers. The position was critical. The airplane was listing dangerously, the petrol tank was pierced and the petrol was running out. With his one sound hand Sergeant disengaged his dead comrade. Then he dived down vertically, resuming a normal position within about 300 feet from the ground.

An amazing instance of the unexpected happening at the front ended in a French and a German pilot landing together and laughing over their unusual adventure. This was the way of it: The Frenchman and the German were circling and dipping for battle position. Suddenly the French pilot, thinking he had the advantage, charged his enemy from the rear. But the German did not swerve sufficiently and the left wing of the French machine struck the right hand struts of the German. The collision caused the French airplane to spin around violently until its tail whizzed between the wings of the German—and stuck.

Apparently being too busy—or perhaps too astonished—to shoot at each other the opponents spiraled side by side in a close embrace, ultimately crashing into the boughs of some trees. Neither pilot was hurt, so they clambered out, looked at each other—and laughed heartily! Then, as they were behind the French lines, the German was reminded that he was a prisoner.

Some of the exploits of the late Captain Ball, V. C., were of an astounding nature. He was only 19 when he was killed, and for long held the record among British aviators, having downed forty-three boche machines.

Upon one occasion he had gone some twenty miles across the enemy lines when he encountered two of their machines. Without hesitation he attacked them and fought them until his ammunition had run out. The two enemy planes had apparently had enough and seized this opportunity to escape by diving to the ground.

Ball was much disgusted at this and emptied six rounds from his revolver at the two diving machines. He then seized a piece of paper and a pencil which he had with him and wrote out a challenge for the same two machines to meet him at the same spot the next day.

At the appointed time Ball turned up at the rendezvous and a few minutes later the same two enemy machines approached him from the east. He flew toward them to engage in a fight, but at that moment three more of the enemy came down from the sky and attacked him from behind. It was a carefully laid trap and he had fallen into it unsuspectingly.

The three enemy machines that had attacked him were of the latest fighting type and were all flown by expert men.

At every turn, Ball, who was underneath and thus at a slight disadvantage, found himself out-manuevered. Turn and twist as he would, he always found one of the enemy on top of him and another just ready to catch him if he turned the other way. Several times bullets passed within inches of him. Finally, deciding to escape he realized that he must do something extraordinary, so he dived toward the ground and picking out a large field glided into it and landed.

The three enemy pilots at once imagined that he had been shot and forced to land, and they all glided down and landed, either in the same field with his or in the adjoining one. Then, jumping out of their machines, they ran over to Captain Ball. However, Ball, who had foreseen exactly what would happen, had kept his engine running slowly while he was on the ground, and the moment he saw the Germans get out of their machines he flew off again and so escaped.

AMERICA SQUARELY BACK WAR SAVINGS COMPANY

Imagine, if you can, every man, woman and child in the United States handing Uncle Sam during July a two dollar bill as an investment of personal savings and as a loan to the government in support of the war. That, speaking broadly, is one way of visualizing the actual results of the War Savings Campaign for the month of July when the cash receipts in the Treasury Department from the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps surpassed all previous records and totaled (for the month only) \$211,417,942.61.

Of course, not every man, woman or child in this country is as yet a war saver, but the National War Savings Committee authorizes the conservative estimate that approximately 34,409,000 Americans have acquired partnership with Uncle Sam through the ownership of War Savings and Thrift Stamps. A large majority of this army of War Savers have definitely pledged themselves to save and economize in support of the war, and to invest in War Savings Stamps a definite amount of such savings during the remainder of 1918. If you are not a pledged war saver, remember that there are approximately one and one-quarter million reasons "over there" why you should enlist in this great army over here.

Some of the statistics recently released by the National War Savings Committee show in a most illuminating manner the magnitude and the splendid success of the War Savings Campaign to date. For instance, War Savings and Thrift Stamps are on sale at over 275,000 authorized sales agencies in this country; while on July 31st there were 116,433 War Savings Societies registered at Washington Headquarters. Also, up to and including July 31st the Treasury Department has received in cash from sales of War Savings Securities \$518,510,334.03, this representing the purchase of War Savings Stamps to a maturity value of approximately \$624,711,245. And there are still outstanding unredeemed pledges for the purchase during the last five months of 1918 of War Savings Stamps to a total maturity value of over one billion dollars more.

In a few words, these Treasury Receipts mean three things:

1. An investment by over a third of the country's population and Thrift at this time is a patriotic achievement.
2. A loan to the Government in support of the war.
3. A lessening of competition with the Government for man power and for raw materials.

The War Savings Campaign has in the few months of its duration made a long stride toward educating the American public to the war necessity of Thrift, of lessening the normal consumption of the things the Government needs to prosecute the war, and it has offered to millions of patriotic Americans a means and an opportunity for translating their savings into aid to the fighting men in France.

In England they have called the War Savings Committee the War Winning Committee.

ROMAN SOLDIER RAMS A GENERAL
By HENRY WOOD
ROME, Aug. 18. (By Mail.)—Giulio Revi, an 18 year-old volunteer from Rome, has just been granted the supreme distinction of the Italian general staff—namely a leave of absence to visit his family in recognition of military bravery—for having captured an Austrian general.

That too much discredit should not be attached to the Austrian general for having surrendered without at least having negotiated the privilege of retaining his sword, it must be explained that the general surrendered after Revi, convicting himself into a battering ram, plunged his head with terrific force into the solar plexus of the general. This left the latter without sufficient breath to open negotiations.

Revi's deed was cited at the time in the Italian official communique. He was one of a patrol of 8 "arditi" volunteer soldiers who insist on pushing constantly into battle, who during the Austrian offensive of June found with sixty Austrians. Four of the 8 "arditi" were killed, and there seemed little chance for the remaining four when one of them, a young man from Padova, suddenly shouted:

"Assaulting column, forward! Deploy and attack!"

The ruse was effective, and the 60 Austrians began a hasty retreat, a somewhat aged officer with a group of defenders remaining behind to cover the rear. At once the four remaining "arditi" attacked this rear guard, Revi picking out the officer who appeared to be in command, and dashing forward with full speed, with his head low, rammed the latter full into the stomach of the Austrian officer.

A terrific hand-to-hand struggle ensued. While Revi kept beating down his prey, the 3 other "arditi" engaged the officers who sought to defend their fallen superior. The latter were facing certain defeat through superiority of numbers when another group of "arditi" rushing up saved the day. In the meantime the young soldier from Padova whose ruse had started the Austrian retreat was killed.

Only when victory was completely won was it discovered that the Austrian officer with whom Revi was still

ASSETS
OVER
\$3,000,000



CAPITAL
and SURPLUS
\$325,000

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A TIMELY EDITORIAL

The Saturday Evening Post this week says:

"Do not sell your bond. You bought it to help win the war. If you sell it you cancel that help. The bond is your backing of the boys in France. You cease to back them when you sell it."

Do not leave the bond around the house. It may be destroyed or Stolen. We have never heard of a bank refusing to take a Liberty Bond for safe-keeping without charge, and doubt if there is such a bank. Leave your bond at the bank."

We can add—it's true, every word of it.

Arizona Central Bank
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$325,000
KINGMAN, ARIZONA

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A UNITED STATES PATENT.

Serial No. 640373
Survey No. 3458
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE Phoenix, Arizona, August 24, 1918.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That in pursuance of Chapter Six of Title Thirty-Two of the Revised Statutes of the United States, M. A. SAWYER, whose residence and post-office address is Kingman, Mohave County, Arizona, claiming 1500 linear feet of the GREAT CANYON quartz mining claim, vein, lode or mineral deposit, bearing gold and silver, with surface ground 600 feet in width for the convenient working thereof, situate in Cedar mining district in Mohave County, Arizona, being Survey No. 3458, hereby gives notice of her intention to apply to the United States for a patent on said mining claim or lode, which is more fully described by metes and bounds by the official plat of survey and the field notes thereof, on file in the office of the Register of the United States Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, as follows, to-wit:

GREAT CANYON lode: Beginning at Cor. No. 1, a granite stone 6 x 18 x 30 ins., set 12 ins. in ground, with mound

of stone chiseled 1-2458 G. C. Cross (X) at cor. pt., whence N. W. cor. of the location hrs. N. 2 deg. 39 min. W. 31 ft., a mon. of stone 3 ft. high. Cor. No. 2-4-3290 A. Whale and Leviathan lodes, hrs. N. 68 deg. 39 min. W. 1051.3 ft. U. S. M. M. No. 3290 A. Cedar mining district, hrs. N. 60 deg. 13 min. 10 sec. W. 1812.1 ft. Thence S. 78 deg. 19 min. E. 600 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 11 deg. 41 min. W. 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 78 deg. 19 min. W. 600 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 11 deg. 41 min. E. 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

LODE LINES: As near as can be determined from present developments, the vein of this location, embraced in this survey, extends as follows from the discovery point: 750 ft. N. 11 deg. 41 min. E. and 750 ft. S. 11 deg. 41 min. W. AREA: 20.661.

LOCATION: This survey is located in Sec. 29, T. 17 N., R. 14 W., G. & S. B. & M. unapproved survey.

Notice of location recorded in Book V of Mines, page 136, Records of Mohave County, Arizona.

There are no adjoining claims.

J. L. IRVIN, Register.

First insertion Aug. 31.

Last insertion Nov. 2.

struggling was a general. His injuries seemed serious, and he was at once rushed to a hospital, where in spite of every medical attention that could be given him, died a few hours later.

Bray has been captured by the Allies. We shall now hear less noise from that quarter.

Save--

Fuel Time Food Money

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